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THE VIRGINIA REBELLION.

Motion for the Arrest of Judgment in the Case of Brown.

TRIAL OF EDWARD COPPIE.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE OUTBREAK.

MORNING PROCEEDINGS.

CHARLESTOWN, Monday, Oct. 31.

Mr. CHILTON, on the rendition of the verdict against BROWN, moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and errors in the verdict.

The objection in regard to the indictment has already been stated. The prisoner had been acquitted (for an offence not appearing on the record of the grand jury,—the verdict was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

The prisoner has also been found guilty of both murder grounds for the murder of the same person. It was manifest he could not be guilty of both.

By agreement these points will be argued to-morrow morning.

BROWN was remanded to jail.

Mr. HUNTER announced that he was ready to proceed with the trial of COPPIE, who was brought in. The ceremony of passing him between files of armed men was dispensed with.

COPPIE took his seat between Messrs. GREWOOD and HOFF, who appear as his counsel. He seemed calm and composed.

The remainder of the day was spent in endeavoring to obtain a jury, but the panel was not complete when it was time for the Court adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS YESTERDAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Tuesday, Nov. 1.

The Court met at 10 o'clock this morning. COPPIE was brought in. Previous to proceeding to his trial, Mr. GREWOOD stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in BROWN's case. In addition to the reasons mentioned yesterday, he said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he (BROWN) was even a citizen of the United States, and argued, that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against the General Government, citing the authority of Judge SWAY; also stating, the Jury had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment. They had not responded to the offence charged, but found him guilty of offences not charged. They find him guilty of murder in the first degree, when the indictment does not charge him with offences constituting that crime.

Mr. HUNTER replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. *As to the jurisdiction over treason*, it was sufficient to say that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constitutes that crime.

The Court reserved its decision.

Mr. BROWN was present during the argument.

The jury was sworn in COPPIE's case. The testimony is the same as already published, but is more brief. The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was not concluded at the adjournment.

COPPIE waived an examination before the Magistrate's Court.

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN BROOKLYN.

LESSONS OF THE HOUR—THE INSURRECTION—ITS AUTHOR AND HIS TEACHINGS—A MINIATURE SPEECH OF JOHN CURWIN.

The Course of Lectures instituted by the young men of Rev. H. WARD BEECHER's congregation in Brooklyn, had announced upon its programme the name of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, of Boston, as the speaker for last evening. Throwing aside a lecture which he had been for some time preparing upon a literary theme, Mr. PHILLIPS a few days ago sought dispensation from the formality of a lecture, and permission to substitute for it a stump-speech on the prominent topic of the hour. The permission having been readily accorded, last evening saw the walls of Plymouth Church, accustomed as they are to crowds, crowded more than is their custom; the audience, in fact, being as thronged and eager as ever waited upon the eloquence of the noted orator.

Mr. PHILLIPS, upon his appearance, was received with vehement applause. When it had subsided, he said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I speak with the utmost sincerity, when I say that I cannot expect—speaking from this platform, and to you—to say anything on the vital question of the hour, which you have not already heard. I should not, in that sense willingly have come here; but, when a great question divides the community all men are called upon to vote, and I feel to-night that I am simply giving my vote. I am only saying "ditto" to what you hear from this platform day after day. And, I would willingly have avoided, ladies and gentlemen, even at this last moment, borrowing this hour from you. I tried to do better by you. Like the Irishman in the story, I offered to hold the last of Hon. THOMAS COWDIN, of Ohio, (enthusiastic applause,) if he would only make a speech, and, most unaccountably, I am sorry to say, he declined this generous offer. (Laughter.) So I am obliged to fulfill my appointment, and deliver my little lecture myself.

"THE LESSON OF THE HOUR?" I think the lesson of the hour is insurrection. [Sensation.] Insurrection of thought always precedes the insurrection of arms. The last twenty years have been insurrection of thought. We seem to be entering on a new phase of the great moral American struggle. It seems to me that we have never exhibited as Americans—we have never exhibited our own civilization. We have held back from the inference which we ought to have drawn from the admitted principles which underlie our life. We have all the timidity of the old world, when we bend our eyes upon ideas of the people; we shrink back, trying to save ourselves from the irrelevant control of the thoughts of the millions. The idea of civilization on the other side of the water seems to be, that men are created to be taken care of by somebody else. God did not leave him fit to go alone; he is in everlasting pupilage to the wealthy and the educated. The religious or the comfortable classes are an everlasting protest to court to take care of him. The Old World, therefore, has always dreaded the average intelligence—the common sense of the millions.

It seems to me the idea of our civilization—underlying all American life—is, that we do not need any protection. We need no safeguard. Not only the inevitable, but the best, power this side of the ocean, is the quickened average common sense of the masses. Institutions, as we are accustomed to call them, are but contrivances, and intended to be against the thought of the street. Statutes are mere mile-stones, telling how far yesterday's thought had traveled; and the talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land. Somewhat briefly stated, such is the idea of American civilization, unacknowledged, both—in the average selfishness—if you choose—of all classes, neutralizing each other and tending toward that fair plain that constitutes society. Now it seems to me that on all questions we dread thought; we shrink behind something; we acknowledge ourselves unequal to the sublime faith of our fathers; and the exhibition of the last twenty years and of the present state of public affairs is that Americans dread to look their foe in the face.

They say in Ireland that every Irishman thinks that he was born sixty days too late—[laughter]—and the world never has sixty days. The consequence is, when a doctor says such a thing is so much for cash, the Irishman thinks it means to him a bill of sixty days. [Laughter.] So it is with Americans. They have no idea of absolute right. They were born since 1789, and absolute right means the truth diluted by a strong decoction of the Constitution of '89. They are all in that stratosphere; they don't want to sail outside of it; they do not attempt to reason outside of it. Now for the last twenty years there has been going on, more or less heeded and understood in various States, an insurrection of ideas against the limited, wrested, cankered, isolated American institutions, interfering to restore absolute right—not only that, but the recognition and conviction of absolute truth. If you said to an American, for instance, anything in regard to temperance, Slavery, or anything else—in the course of the last twenty years—anything about a principle, he run back instantly to the safety of a principle—to the possibility of its existing with a peculiar sect, with a Church, with a party, with a constitution, with a law. He had not yet raised himself into the level-darting to trust justice, which is the preliminary consideration to trusting the people; for whether native depravity be true or not, it is a truth attested by all history, that a race gravitates towards justice, and that indulging all differences of opinion, there is an inherent essential tendency to the great English principle of fair-play at the bottom of our hearers. [Loud applause.] The Emperor NICHOLAS, it is said, ordered Colonel WHEELER, one of his Engineers, to lay down for him a road for a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and gracefully the engineers brought him in a large piece of the card-paper, on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed path for the iron locomotive between the two capitals. "What's that?" said NICHOLAS. "That's the best road," was the reply. "What do you make it crooked for?" "Why, we turn this way to touch this great city, and to the left to reach that immense mass of people, and to the right again to suit the business of that county." Yes. The Emperor turned the card over, made a new dot for Moscow and another for St. Petersburg, took a ruler, made a straight line, and said "Build me that road." [Laughter.] "But what will become of that depot of trade, of that town?" "I don't know; they must look out for themselves." [Cheers.] And the emperor of omnipotent Democracy says of Slavery, or of a Church, this is justice and that is iniquity; and the trace of God's thunderbolt goes in a straight line from one to the other, and the Church that cannot stand it must stand out of the way. [Cheers.] Now our object for twenty years has been to educate the mass of the American people up to that level of moral life that it shall recognize that free speech carried to that extent is God's normal school, educating the American mind, throwing upon it the grave responsibility of deciding a great question by means of that responsibility, lifting them to the higher level of an intellectual and moral life. Now, secretaryship stands on one side, and, like your Brooklyn *Eagle* says, "This is madness!" Well, poor man! he thinks so! [Laughter.] The very difficulty of the whole matter is that he does think so, and this normal school that we open is for him. *His seat is on the lowest end of the lowest bench.* [Laughter and applause.] But he only represents that very chronic distrust which pervades all that class. It is the educated mind of these Northern States. ANAXIMENES went into the forum at Athens and heard a case argued by the great minds of the day, and heard the rule. *He walked out into the streets, and somebody said to him,* "What think you of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue causes and fools decide them." Just what the timid scholar two thousand years ago said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself the scholarship of the United States says to-day of popular agitation—that it lets *wise men argue questions and fools decide them.* But that early Athens, where fools decided the gravest questions of polity and right and wrong, where it was not safe to be just, and where property might be thrown from you by the prejudice of the mob to-morrow, which you had garnered up by the thrift and industry of to-day, that very Athens showed us humanity at a higher level, *gave us the giants of intellect*, and shines out the torch that makes antiquity visible; while Egypt, the bunker conservative of antiquity, where the question of expediency ruled the hour, went down to the tomb, and the intellect which Athens has created for us digs to-day those ashes to find out what hunkerism knew and did. [Cheers.] *Now my idea of American civilization is that it is a* second part, a repetition of that same sublime confidence in the public conscience and the public thought that made the groundwork of Grecian Democracy.

Well, we have been talking of public men. There *have been various evidences of education*; I will tell you of one. The first evidence that a sinner convicted of sin, and too blind or too lazy to *reform*—the first evidence that he can give that his nature has been touched, is that he becomes a hypocrite; he has the grace to pretend to be something. Now, the first evidence that the American people gave of that commencing grace of hypocrisy was this: in 1833, when we commenced the Anti-Slavery agitation, the papers talked about Slavery, bondage, American Slavery, bold, frankly and bluntly. In a few years it sounded hard; it had a grating effect; the hardest portion of the hardest Democrat felt it as it came out. So they spoke of the "patriarchal institution," [laughter;] then of the "domestic institution," [continued laughter;] and then of the "peculiar institution"—[laughter]—and in a year or two it got beyond that. Mississippi published a report from her Senate, in which she went a stride beyond that, and described it as "economic subordination." [Renewed laughter.] A Methodist bishop in Ohio was taken to task for holding slaves in reality, but his Methodist brethren were not courageous enough to say "slaves" right out in meeting, and so they said the bishop must get rid of his "impediment"—[loud laughter]—and the late Mr. RUFUS CHOATE, in the last Democratic canvass in my own State, undertaking and necessitated to refer to the institutions of the South, and knowing that his old New-England lips, that had spoken so many glorious free truths in its twenty years that were ended, could not foul their best days with the hated word, he phrased it "a different type of industry." Now, hypocrisy—why "it is the homage that Vice renders to Virtue." When men begin to get weary of capital punishment, they banish the gallows inside the jail-yard, and do not let anybody see it without a special card of invitation from the Sheriff. And so they have banished Slavery into pet phrases and fancy flash words, so that if you should dig our Egyptian Hunkerism up from the grave into which it is rapidly sinking, we should have to have a commentator of the true German blood to find out what all these queer, odd, peculiar, imaginable paraphases mean in this middle of the Nineteenth Century. That was one evidence of progress. At that time we had another—I believe immoral maxim. I believe the age of bullets is over. I believe that the age of ideas is come. I think that is the preaching of our country. The old Hindoo dreamed, you know, in the beautiful beyond here, that he saw the human race led out to its varied fortune. First, he saw men bitted and curbed, and the reins went back to an iron hand. But his dream changed on and on, until at last he saw men led by reins that came from the brain and went back into an unseen hand. It was this type of Governments; the first a Government of despotism, palpably iron; and the last, our Government, a Government of brains, a Government of ideas. I believe in it—in public opinion. Yet, let me say, in passing, that I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains. If you must have the metal, put it into Sharpe's rifles. It is a great deal better used that way than in fetters—a great deal better than a great clumsy statue of a false great man, for men to kneel down and worship in a State-house yard. [Loud and renewed cheers and great hissing.] I am so unused to hisses lately that I have forgotten what I had to say. [Laughter and hisses.] I meant as I said.

My idea is public opinion, literature, education. But some men seem to think that our institutions are necessarily safe because we have free schools and cheap books, and a public opinion that controls. But that is no evidence of safety. India and China have had schools, and a school system almost identical with that of Massachusetts, for fifteen hundred years. And books are as cheap in Central and Northern China as they are in New-York. But they have not secured liberty, nor secured a controlling public opinion to either nation. Spain for three centuries had municipalities and town governments, as independent and as self-supporting, and as representative of thought as New-England or New-York has. But that did not save Spain. DE TOCQUEVILLE says that fifty years before the great revolution public opinion was as omnipotent in France as it is to-day, but it did not save France. You cannot save men by machinery. What India, and France and Spain wanted was live men, and that is what we want to-day; men who are willing to look their own destiny and their own functions and their own responsibilities in the face. "Grant me to see and Ajax asks no more," was the prayer that the great poet put into the lips of his hero in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp. All we want of American citizens is the opening of their own eyes and seeing things as they are. To the intelligent and thoughtful determined gaze of twenty millions of Christian people, there is nothing—no institution wicked and powerful enough to be capable of standing against it. In KEAN's beautiful poem of "Lamia" a young man had been led captive by a phantom girl, and was her slave of beauty and luxury, until the old teacher came in and fixed his thoughtful eye upon the figure and it vanished, and the pupil started up himself again. And you see the great Commonwealth of Virginia, fitly represented by a pyramid standing upon its apex. A Connecticut born man entered as one corner of her dominions, and fixed his cold grey eye upon the government of Virginia, and nearly vanished it by his very gaze. For it seems that Virginia asked leave "to be" of JOHN BROWN at Harper's Ferry. (Cheers and applause.) Connecticut has sent out many a school-master to the other thirty States; but she never has sent one out before as she has sent that Litchfield-born school-master to Harper's Ferry, to write upon the Natural Bridge in the face of nations, his copy-book: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." (Loud cheers.)

I said that the lesson of the hour was insurrection. I ought not to apply that word to JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie, for there was no insurrection in his case. It is a great mistake to call him an insurgent. This principle that I have endeavored so briefly to open to you, of absolute right and wrong, states what? "Commonwealth of Virginia." There is no such thing. There is no civil society, there is no government, that can exist, except on the basis of impartial, equal consideration of all its citizens, and by the performance of the duty of rendering equal justice between man and man. Everything that calls itself a Government, and refuses that duty, or has not that assent, is no Government. It is only a pirate ship, Virginia, the Commonwealth of Virginia, she is only a chronic insurrection. I mean exactly what I say. Language stiffens my words now. She is a private ship, and John BROWN sails the sea a Lord High Admiral of the Almighty, with letters of marque and reprisal against every pirate that he meets on God's ocean of the nineteenth century. [Cheers and applause.] I mean literally and exactly what I say. In God's World there are no majorities, no minorities; one is a majority. You have often heard here, doubtless, and I need not tell you the ground of morals. The rights of that one man are as sacred as those of the Commonwealth of Virginia. JOHN BROWN has twice as much right to hang Gov. WISE as Gov. WISE has to hang him. [Cheers and hisses.] You see I am talking of that absolute essence of things that lives in the sight of the Eternal and the Infinite; not as men judge it in the cribbed morals of the nineteenth century, and the herd of States that calls itself an empire to traffic in cotton and sell slaves. What I say is this: *Harper's Ferry was the Government.* Men acted not respecting the trial. Virginia, true to herself, has shown exactly the same haste that the pirate does when he tries a man on the deck and runs him up to the yard-arm. Unconsciously she is consistent. Now you do not think this to-day, some of you, perhaps. But I tell you that absolute history shall judge of these *forms and phantoms of ours. JOHN BROWN* began his life; his active life, in Kansas. The South planted that seed; it reaps the first fruit now. Twelve years ago the great men in Washington, the Websters and the Clays, planted the Mexican war; and they reaped their appropriate fruit in Gen. TAYLOR and Gen. FRANCE pushing them from their statesmen's stools. *The South planted the seeds of violence in Kansas*, and taught peaceful Northern men familiarity with the bowie-knife and revolver. They planted 999 seeds, and this is the first one that has flowered; this is the first drop of the coming shower. People do me the honor to say, in some of the Western papers, that this is traceable to some teachings of mine. It is too much honor to such as me. Gladly, if it were not fulsome vanity, would I clutch this laurel of having any share in the great resolute daring of that man who flung himself against an empire in behalf of justice and liberty. It was not the bravest men who fought at Saratoga and Yorktown in the war of 1776. O! no; there was some man in Lexington or on some village height that fired the signal gun that roused resistance against an empire till then thought irresistible. This man has done the same. Up to this moment his life has been one unmixed success. Prudence, skill, courage, thrift, knowledge of his time, knowledge of his opponents, undaunted daring in the face of the nation—he had all these. He was the man who could leave Kansas and go into Missouri and take eleven men and give them to liberty, and bring them off on the horses which he carried with him, and two which he took as tribute from their masters in order to facilitate escape. Then when he has passed his human *pratiques* from the vulture of the United States to the safe shelter of the English lion, this is the brave, frank, and *sublime truster in God's right* and absolute justice, that entered his name in the city of Cleveland "JOHN BROWN, of Kansas," and advertised there two horses for sale, and stood in front of the auctioneer's stand, notifying all bidders of the defect in the title. [Laughter.] But he added with nonchalance, when he told the story, "they brought a very excellent price." [Laughter.] *This is the man* who in the face of the nation, avowing his right, and endeavoring by what strength he had in behalf of the wronged, goes down to Harper's Ferry to follow up his work. He is foiled. Every man has had his Moscow. Suppose he did fail, every man meets his Waterloo at last. Suppose he did fail, he has done a great deal still. *Why this is a decent country* to live in now. [Laughter and cheers.] Actually, in this Sodom of ours, seventeen men have been found ready to die for an idea. God be thanked, to JOHN BROWN that he has discovered them. [Cheers and applause.] I should feel some pride, if I was in Europe, in confessing that I was an American. [Applause.] *We have redeemed the long infamy of twenty years of* subservience. But look back a bit. Is there anything new about this? Nothing at all. It is the natural result of Anti-Slavery teaching. For one I accept it; I expected it. I cannot say that I prayed for it; I cannot say that I hoped for it. But at the same time no sane man has looked upon this matter for twenty years and supposed that we could go through this great moral convulsion without the great classes of society clashing and jostling against each other like frigates in a storm, and that there could not be such scenes as these.

Why, in 1835 it was the other way. Then it was my bull that gored your ox. Then ideas came in conflict, and men of violence, and men who had not made up their minds to wait for the slow conversion of conscience, men who trusted in their own right hands, men who believed in bowie-knives. Why, they sacked the city of Philadelphia, they made New-York to be governed by a mob; Boston saw its Mayor suppliant and kneeling to the chief of broad-cloth in broad daylight. It was all on that side. That is the natural result, the first result of this starting of ideas. It is like people who get half awaked and use the first weapons that appear to them. The first developing and unfolding of national life that came out in mobs were the mob parties. People said it served them right, they had no right to the luxury of speaking their own minds; it was too expensive; these lavish, luxurious persons walking about here and actually saying what they think. Why it was like speaking right in the midst of the avalanches. To say "Liberty" in a loud tone, the Constitution of 1789 might come down—it would not do. But now things have changed. We have been talking thirty years. Twenty years we have talked everywhere, under all circumstances; we have been mobbed out of great cities, and pelted out of little ones; we have been abused by great men and by little papers. [Laughter and applause.] What is the result? The tables have been turned; if it your bull that has gored my ox now. And men that still believe in violence, grasping the half-developed, the hasty step of civilization, violence, forgetting the supremacy of reason, and unwilling to wait for the slow but mere steps of thought, while it permits the mob and the fire and the riot to assail right and justice by bowie-knives and revolvers on one side—it is but the same eternal law of God's kingdom. You cannot expect to put a real Puritan Presbyterian, as JOHN BROWN is, a regular Cromwellian dug up from two centuries, and placed down in the midst of New-England civilization that dare not say its soul is its own, nor proclaim that it is wrong to sell a man at auction, and not have him show himself as he is? Put a hound in the presence of a deer, and he springs at his throat if he is a true bloodhound. Put a Christian in the presence of a sin, and he will spring at its throat if he is a true Christian. And so into an acid we might throw white matter, but unless it is chalk it will not produce agitation. So if in a world of sinners you wish to put American Christianity, it would be calm as oil. But take one Christian like JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie, and his influence the whole crystallize into right and wrong and marshal themselves on one side or the other. And God makes him the test, and all he asks of our comparatively cowardly lips is to preach the sermon, and say to the American people, that whether that old man succeeded in a worldly sense or not, he stood a representative of law, of government, of right, of justice, of religion, and they were pirates that gathered about him, and sought to wreak vengeance by taking his life. The banks of the Potomac—history will visit that river more kindly because he has gilded it with the eternal brightness of his glorious deed, than because the dust of WASHINGTON rests upon one side of it. And if Virginia tyrants dare hang him, after this mockery of a trial, it will take two WASHINGTON's at least to make the name of the river anything but abominable to the ages that come after it. [Applause and hisses.] Well, I say what I really think. [Cheers, cries of "Good," "Good."] GEORGE WASHINGTON was a great man. Yet I say what I really think. And I know, ladies and gentlemen, that educated as you have been by the experience of the last twenty years, or dozen or ten years here, you would have thought me the silliest as well as the most cowardly man in the world, if I should have come, with my twenty years behind me, and told you about anything else to-night except that great example which one man has set us on the banks of the Potomac River. You expected, of course, that I should tell you my opinion of it. I value this element that BROWN has introduced into American politics for another reason.

The South is a great power—no cowards in Virginia. [Laughter.] It was not cowardice that was afraid. [Laughter.] Now, I try to speak very plain, but you will misunderstand me. There is no cowardice in Virginia. The South are not cowards. The lunatics in the Gospel were not cowards when they said: "Art thou come to torment us before the time." [Laughter.] They were brave enough, but they saw afar off. They saw the tremendous power that was entering into that charmed circle: they knew its inevitable victory. Virginia did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper's Ferry; they trembled at a JOHN BROWN in every man's own conscience. He had been there many years, and like that terrific scene which BRIERLEY has drawn for us in his *Hall of Belle*, where all ran around, each man with an incurable wound on his bosom, but still an incurable wound, and agreed not to speak of it, so the South has been running up and down its political and social life, and every man keeps his right hand pressed on the secret and incurable sore, with an understood agreement in Church and State, that it never shall be mentioned for fear the great ghastly fabric shall come to pieces at the talismanic word. BROWN uttered it and the whole machinery trembled at its very base.

I value that movement. Did you ever see a blacksmith shoe a restless horse? If you have you have seen him take a small cord and tie his upper lip. If you ask him what he does it for, he will tell you he does it to give him something to think of. [Laughter.] Now the South has extensive schemes. She grasps with one hand a Mexico, and with the other she dictates terms to Church, she imposes conditions on State, she buys up WEBSTER with a title and EVERETT with nothing. [Great laughter and applause.] JOHN BROWN has given her something else to think of. He has turned her attention inwardly. He has taught her that there has been created a new element in this Northern mind; that it is not merely the thinker, that it is not merely the editor, that it is not merely the moral reformer, but the idea that has pervaded all classes of society. Call them madmen if you will. Hard to tell who's mad. The world says one man is mad. JOHN BROWN said the same of the Governor. You remember the madman in Edinburgh. A friend asked him What he was there for? "Well" said he, "they said at home that I was mad; and I said I was not; but they had the majority." [Laughter.] Just so it is in regard to JOHN BROWN. The nation says, He is mad. I appeal, from Pauls drunk to Paulus sober; I appeal from the Americans people drunk with cotton and the New-York Observer, (loud and long laughter,) to the Americans people fifty years hence, when the light of civilization has had more time to penetrate, when self-interest has been rebuked by the world rising and giving its verdict on these great questions, when it is not a small band of Abolitionists, but the civilization of the nineteenth century that undertakes to enter the arena and discuss its last great reform. When that day comes, what shall be thought of these first martyrs—these men who with severe purpose unite earnest methods?

Suppose JOHN BROWN had not stood at Harper's Ferry; suppose on that momentous Monday night when the excited imaginations of two thousand Charlestown people had enlarged him and his little band into 600 white men and 500 blacks, he had vanished, and when the gallant troops arrived there, 2,500 strong, they had found nobody. The mountains would have been peopled with enemies; the Alleghanies would have heaved with insurrection; you never would have convinced Virginia that all Pennsylvania was not armed and on the hills. Virginia has not slept sound since. NAT TURNER had an insurrection in 1831, and he bids fair never to have a nap now. [Laughter.] For this is not an insurrection; this is a penetration of a different element. Mark you, *it is not the oppressed race rising.* Recollect history. Twenty years was a race held in close and absolutely vindicated its own liberty but one. There never was a serf nor a slave whose own sword cut off his own chain but one. Blue-eyed, light-haired Anglo-Saxon, it was the black—the only race in the record of history that ever, after a century of oppression, retain the vigor to write the character of its emancipation with its own hand in the blood of the dominant race. Despised, calumniated, slandered San Domingo is the only instance in history where a race with indestructive love of justice, serving a hundred years of oppression, rose up under their own leader, and with their own ideas abolished Slavery on their own soil. Wait, garrulous, vain-glorious, boasting Saxon, till we have done half as much, before we talk of the cowardice of the black race.

The slaves of our country have not risen, but all *redemptions have come from the interference of a* wiser, higher, more advanced civilization on its exterior. It is the universal record of history, and ours is a repetition of the same scene in the drama. We have awakened at last the enthusiasm of both classes that act from impulse, and not from calculation. It is a libel on the Yankee to say that it includes the *whole race, when you say that if you put a dollar* on the other side of hell, the Yankee will spring for it at any risk; [laughter;] for there is an element even in the Yankee blood that obeys ideas—there is an impulsive, enthusiastic aspiration—something left to us from the old Puritan stock—that which made England what she was two *centuries ago—that which is fated to give the closest* grapple with the slave power to-day.

It is the lesson of the age. The first cropping out of it is in such a man as JOHN BROWN. He did not measure his means. He was not thrifty as to his method; he did not calculate closely enough, and he was defeated. What is defeat? Nothing but concentration—*nothing* but the first *step to something better.* All that is wanted is, that this public opinion shall not creep around like a servile coward, and unbidden, but corrupt, disordered, insane public opinion, proclaim that Gov. WISE, because *he says he is a Gover*nor, *is* a Governor, that Virginia is a State because she says she is so.

Thank God I am not a citizen. You will remember, all of you, citizens of the United States, that there was not a Virginia gun fired at JOHN BROWN. Hundreds of well-armed Maryland and Virginia troops that went there never dared to pull a trigger. Yes shot him! Sixteen marines, to whom you pay $8 a month—your own representatives. When the disturbed State could not stand on her own legs for trembling, you went there and strengthened the feeble knees and *held up the palsied hand.* Sixteen men, with the Vulture of the Union above them—[sensation]—your representatives! It was the covenant with death and agreement with hell, which you call the Union of thirty States, that took the old man by the throat with a pirate hand; and, *if he is hung*, it will strangle him with disgrace, for it will be the disgrace of our civilization if a gallows is ever erected in Virginia that bears his body. The most resolute man I ever saw," says Gov. WISE; the most daring, the coolest. I would trust him without any question. The sincerest?" Sincerity, courage, resolute daring—Virginia has nothing—nothing for those qualities but a scaffold. [Applause.] In her broad dominion she can only afford him six feet for a grave! God help the Commonwealth that bids such welcome to the noblest qualities that can grace poor human nature! Yet that is the acknowledgment of Gov. WISE himself!

And mark you, I have said they were not a government. They not only are not a government, but they have not even the remotest idea of what a government is. [Laughter.] They do not begin to have the faintest conception of what a civilized government is. Here is a man arraigned before a jury, or about to be. The State of Virginia, as she calls *herself, is about to try him.* The *first* step in that trial is a jury; the second is a Judge; and at the head stands the Chief Executive of the State, who is to put his hand to the death warrant before it can be executed; and yet that very Executive, who, according to the principles of the sublimest chapter in ALGERNON SIDNEY's immortal book, is bound by the very *responsibility that rests on him*, to keep his mind impartial as to the guilt of the person arraigned, hastens down to Richmond, hurries to the platform, and proclaims to the assembled and representative Commonwealth of Virginia, "The man is a murderer, and ought to be hung." Almost every lip in the State might have said it except that single lip of its Governor; and the moment he had uttered these words, in the theory of the English law it was not possible to impannel an impartial jury in the Commonwealth of Virginia, it was not possible to get the materials and the machinery to try him according to the ugliest pattern of English jurisprudence. And yet the Governor does not know that he has written himself down a knave, and the Commonwealth that he governs supposes it is still a Christian polity. They have not the faintest conception of what goes to make up Government. Why, the worst JEFFREYS that ever tried in dark and gloomy moments never climbed up a lamp-post in the streets of London, would not have tried a man who could not stand on his feet. There is no such record in the blackest roll of tyranny. If one single bone of JEFFREYS remains unrotted, it would knock against the sides of its coffin in protest against any Judge that had exceeded even the infamy of JEFFREYS by trying JOHN BROWN lying on a couch. [Applause.] And yet the New-York Press daily prints the accounts of the trial. Trial! Why, the Inquisition used to break every other bone in a man's body, and then lay him on a pallet, giving him neither counsel nor opportunity to consult one, and then wringing from his tortured mouth something like a confession, and call it a trial. But it was heaven-robed innocence compared with the trial, or what the New-York Press call so, that has been going on in the alarmed and frightened city of Charlestown. I speak what I know, and I speak what will be but the breath and whisper of the Summer breeze, compared with the tornado of rebuke that will come back from the Press of Great Britain, when they hear that we affect to call that a jury trial, and make the long catalogue of English jurists disgraced and infamous by the companionship.

I wish I could say anything worthy of the great deed which has taken place in our day—the opening of the sixth seal; the pouring out of the vial of God's wrath on a corrupt and cowardly institution. I know that many men will deem me a fanatic for uttering this wholesale vituperation, as it will be called, upon a State, and this indorsement of a madman. I can only say that I have spoken on this Anti-Slavery question before the American people twenty years; that I have seen the day when this same phase of popular opinion was on the other side. You remember the first time that I was ever privileged to stand on this platform, by the magnanimous generosity of your clergyman, when New-York was about to bully and crush out the freedom of speech at the dictation of Capt. RYNDERS. From that day to this, that same braving of public thought has been going on from here to Kansas, until it bloomed in the events of the last three years. It has changed the whole face of the sentiment in these Northern States. You meet with the evidences of it everywhere. When the first news from Harper's Ferry came to Massachusetts, if you were riding in the cars, if you were walking in the streets, if you met a Democrat or a Whig or a Republican, no matter what his politics, it was a singular circumstance that he did not speak of the guilt of BROWN, of the atrocity of the deed. The first impulsive expression, the first outbreak of every man's words was—"What a pity he did not succeed! [Laughter.] What a fool he was for not going off Monday when he had all he wanted! How strange that he did not take his victory and march away with it." It indicated the unconscious leavening of a sympathy with the attempt. Days followed on; they commenced what they called their trial; you meet the same classes again; no man said he ought to be hung; no man said he was guilty; no man predicated anything of his moral position; every man voluntarily and inevitably seemed to give vent to his indignation at the farce of a trial—indicative again of that unheeded, unconscious, potent, but wide-spread sympathy on the side of BROWN.

Do you suppose that these things mean nothing? What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the sharper of nations. The sentiments we raise to intellect, and from intellect to character. The American people has begun to feel. The mute eloquence of the fugitive slave has gone up and down the highways and by-ways of the country; it will annex itself to the great American heart of the North, even in its most fossil state of its hunkerism as a latent sympathy with its right side. This blow, like the first blow at Lexington, heard around the world—this blow at Harper's Ferry reveals men. Watch these about you and you will see more of their temper and unbending purpose and real moral position of men than you would imagine. This is the way nations are to be judged. Be not in a hurry; it will come soon enough for this sentiment; Washington's sentiment into intellect and then into statutes, and finally into national character. We have got the first stage of the growth. Why, the first person who came to me in Boston after the news of JOHN BROWN's insurrection, was LYDIA MARIA CHILD. A popular authoress of New-England 20 years ago. She says this sympathy is the place for me. She writes a letter couched in magnanimous sympathy for the better nature of Gov. WISE. She says in it, "Yet JOHN BROWN is a hero; he has done a noble deed. I think he was all right; but he is sick; he is wounded; lay where a woman's nursing. I am an Abolitionist; I have been so thirty years. I think Slavery is a sin, and JOHN BROWN a saint; but I want to come and nurse him, and I pledge my word that if you will open his prison-door I will use the privilege under every honor, only to nurse him. I inclose you a message to BROWN; be sure and deliver it." And the message was, "Old man, God bless you. You have struck a noble blow; you have done a noble work; God was with you, your heart was in the right place. I send you sentiments five hundred miles the pulse of a woman's gratitude." And Gov. WISE has opened the door and announced to the world that the may go in. JOHN BROWN has conquered the prison. [Applause.]

"Hope! there is hope everywhere. It is only the sentimental history.

Right, forever, on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadows, keeping watch above his own."

Loud applause followed the conclusion of Mr. PHILLIPS' lecture. Calls were made for a speech from Hon. THOMAS COWDIN, of Ohio, who sat on the platform. Mr. COWDIN rose, and after the hearty applause which greeted him had subsided, spoke, but in hand, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am sure that my appearance here to-night must have been unexpected to you. The same motives which operated upon you in bringing you here, have brought me here—by accident—to hear the gentleman to whom I have never before listened in my life time, and I beg now to be allowed to reflect upon what I have heard before,—to use his own language: "I give my vote." [Laughter and applause.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND OLD BROWN.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

In your daily of Friday, Oct. 28, appeared a communication calling upon WENDELL PHILLIPS to assume the responsibilities of his Anti-Slavery teaching, and to offer his person to the authorities of Virginia, as a ransom for Old BROWN, whom your correspondent thinks Gov. WISE would willingly surrender could he obtain possession of the "great teacher." In reply, you are authorized to say that WENDELL PHILLIPS stands ready to deliver himself up to Gov. WISE, to be legally tried for any offence, he has committed, on condition that the Governor will pardon and set free JOHN BROWN.

Mr. PHILLIPS has never shrunk from the responsibility of maintaining his opinions of what is right. The fugitive slave riot in Boston showed him as willing to act as to teach, and though his conscientious performance of what he believed to be his duty involved him in a prosecution for violating the laws of the United States, he did not hesitate, because he thought he was right.

Would your correspondent, had he lived in Revolutionary times, have called upon JONATHAN TRUMBULL to offer himself up as an expiatory sacrifice for NATHAN HALE, or on BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to take the place and fate of the victims of the Jersey prison-ship?

H.

HON. JOHN P. HALE EXCULPATES HIMSELF.

Senator HALE, who was in Chicago at the time the revelations of Col. FORBES were published, made the following reply to a note addressed to him by the editors of the *Press and Tribune*:

RICHMOND HOUSE, CHICAGO, Oct. 29, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: Since I received your note this morning, I have seen a number of the New-York *Herald*, to which you refer, and I find in an editorial article, the following: "The main thing proved by this correspondence is, that for the last year and a half, at least, the project of the Harper's Ferry outbreak was well known to EWARD, SUMNER, HALE and others, and that they in their intense selfishness, and to forward their political or commercial speculations, suffered the project to ripen and bear the disastrous fruit that it has borne. They—not the crazy fanatic JOHN BROWN—are the real culprits; and it is they, not he, who if justice were fairly meted out, would have to grace the gallows."

In the same paper, I see in large letters the following: "Senators SEWARD, SUMNER, HALE, WILSON, CHASE and other Black Republicans implicated in old BROWN's plot."

And again, in the same paper, under the head, "Most Important Discoveries," in large letters, the following, viz.: "Further documentary testimony involving SEWARD, SUMNER, HALE, LAWRENCE, CHASE, FLETCHER and other prominent Abolitionists; correspondence between Col. FORBES and his Abolitionist friends, his interview with SEWARD, SUMNER and HALE."

Again, in another article in the same paper, which appears to be editorial, as I understand it, appears the following, relating to Col. FORBES: "Again, he had interviews with SUMNER and HALE also in Washington; and, in fact, it appears that all the leading Republicans and Abolitionists of the country were fully cognizant of the plans of BROWN, and if they did not fully identify themselves with him, they did not denounce him to the authorities."

I have not read the paper through, and do not know but the same thing is repeated many times more in the same paper, but I have quoted enough to answer my purpose. The foregoing extracts charge in no equivocal language, that SEWARD, SUMNER, myself and others knew all about BROWN's projected outbreak at Harper's Ferry, encouraged it, are implicated in it, that this is proved by documentary testimony, and that we deserve a felon's fate on the gallows.

I shall not undertake the task of vindicating either of the gentlemen named in connection with myself from any charges which may be brought against them, collectively or individually, by a newspaper, or in any other mode, but leave that to their own hands, not doubting their entire ability to do it far more ably and satisfactorily than I could. So far as relates to myself, I can only reply by denying every word and syllable, and pronouncing the whole, from beginning to end, in general and in detail, false, and challenging the world for a particle of testimony, written or verbal, sustaining one of the charges thus recklessly brought against me, or for a single circumstance calculated to cast a suspicion upon me in an unprejudiced mind.

I never had any knowledge or intimation from any one that an insurrection, or outbreak,

The New-York Times, Wednesday, November 2, 1859.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE ARAGO.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

MINISTERS WARM AT MEETING.

FARTHER REPORT OF AN AMERICAN CONSUL.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

POSSIBILITIES OF HER GOING TO AMERICA —REASONS FOR POSTPONING HER TRIP.

OHINA.

MR. WARD IN PEKING.

RUSSIA AND CHINA

Mr. Dart Returns to la Guerrant.

The Fugitive Slave Case at Columbus, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL MARKETS.

LAW REPORTS

SUIT AGAINST THE CITY.

Actions to Get Titles to Assessment of 1852.

JUDGE INGRAHAM.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT, NOV. 1.—HUGHES

Robbing the Mail—Accessory.

Calendar—Wednesday, Nov. 2.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—INGRAHAM J.

Decisions.

The Action for Malicious Prosecution.

Brown & Palmer for plaintiff; Bogardus & Brown for defendant.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

MALES.

WANTED—BY A COMPETENT COACHMAN, A situation; is experienced in a private family; no objection to country; can furnish best of city references. Address W. T., box No. 38 Times Office.

WANTED—BY A COMPETENT COACHMAN, A situation; is experienced in a private family; no objection to country; can furnish best of city references. Address W. T., box No. 38 Times Office.

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A RESPECTABLE young man as coachman and gardener; is a good milker; can furnish best of references; no objection to country. Address A. B

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 2, 1864.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Notes of Proceedings.

The Common Council met yesterday afternoon, and will probably adjourn to-day. The books in each district are now open until 5 o'clock P. M. The work of registering was commenced yesterday morning at nine o'clock, and has been pushed with considerable energy during the day. The Board of Supervisors will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Supervisors' room, in the City Hall, to canvass the returns of the election held on Tuesday last.

Writs of Prohibition.

Yesterday, at the Supreme Court, and Oyer and Terminer, a writ of prohibition, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on Monday morning, was granted by Justice Barnard. The writ was served upon the Recorder, and had the effect of suspending all further proceedings in the case of Mr. Bennett, convicted of libel, until the decision of the Supreme Court upon the writ of prohibition shall be rendered. The writ was served upon the Recorder at his residence, on Monday evening, after the Court had adjourned for the day.

Police Intelligence.

A number of citizens call at the Police Office, all of which were referred to the Superintendent of Police, who is the proper person to apply to for the redress of grievances. Many have been robbed of their watches, pocket-books, &c., and have been referred to the Police Office, where they will be attended to. Many persons have been arrested for disorderly conduct, and have been discharged by the Police Justices, after paying a fine of $5 each. Many persons have been arrested for violating the Excise law, and have been fined $50 each. Many persons have been arrested for violating the Excise law, and have been fined $50 each. Many persons have been arrested for violating the Excise law, and have been fined $50 each.

Arrest of Counterfeiters.

Officer Dilks, of the Police Force, arrested two men, named Thomas Hall and Thomas Hall, on Monday evening, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, for passing counterfeit money. The men were taken to the Police Office, where they were committed for trial. They had in their possession a large amount of counterfeit money, which they had just passed at the store of Mr. Hall, in Broadway, near Fulton street.

Fire.

A fire occurred in the building No. 1 Cedar street, on Monday morning, at 2 o'clock, which was extinguished by the Fire Department. The building is owned by Mr. Wendell, and is occupied by Messrs. Cozzens & Co., as a hat store. The fire originated in the basement, and was caused by the gas. The damage is estimated at $1,000

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 7,

Music by M. A. Verdi.

Words by M. A. Varsi.

* * * All the world is aquainted with its pastoral beauty, its delightful and perfect tranquillity, and its exemption from the passions and cares of the world. Here the traveller may find a complete contrast to the turmoil and bustle of city life, and may spend a few days in the enjoyment of rural pleasures, the delicious freshness of the air, the beauty of the scenery, and the simple manners of the people. [From the Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris.]

Opera in four acts.

LES VESPRES SICILIENNES.

Music by M. A. Verdi.

Words by M.M. Scribe and Duveyrier.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

THE TOMBS ACT DURING WAR.—The introductory music to the opera is descriptive of the alternations of the contest. The overture opens with the sounds of battle, the clashing of the swords, the groans of the wounded, the acclaimation of the victors, and the lamentations of the captive. This overture is, in itself, a complete opera. The theme of the opera is the grand duel between Helena and Henri, the son of the Governor of Sicily, who is ignorant of the birth of his mother, and who, therefore, is ignorant that the object of his love is his sister. The duel is fought before the curtain rises, and the result is known to the audience before the opera commences. The duet between Helena and Henri, "Jodio invano a me la sorte," is a gem. It is followed by the magnificent duet between the tenor and the soprano, which within was rendered with a perfection of execution and expression of which we have not for many years had a parallel. The best of this act, however, is reserved for the finale. The finale is one of Verdi's most original and effective. The quartette between the plenipotentiaries of the contending powers, the entrance of the victorious army, the chorus of victory, the return of the wounded, the lamentations of the captive, the entrance of Helena, and the interview of reconciliation between the parties, are conceived in the true spirit of dramatic music, and are executed in a manner which has never been surpassed by any opera company that has ever visited this country. The second act opens with a grand chorus of the Sicilian ladies, which is followed by a beautiful and interesting recitative and air by Helena, "Merce dilette amiche," which was sung by Mme. Colson in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artist that has ever appeared on the operatic stage in this country. The duet between Helena and Henri, "Ah parlami ancor," and the duet between Helena and Montfort, "Ah tu cui l'alma adora," are both gems of the first water, and were rendered in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artists that have ever appeared in this country. The finale of this act is one of the most original conceptions of Verdi's genius. The entrance of the bridal party, the chorus of the Sicilian ladies, the duet between Helena and Montfort, the entrance of the Governor, the chorus of the Sicilian ladies, the duet between Helena and Henri, the entrance of the Sicilian army, the chorus of victory, the return of the wounded, the lamentations of the captive, the entrance of Helena, and the interview of reconciliation between the parties, are conceived in the true spirit of dramatic music, and are executed in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artists that have ever appeared in this country. The second act opens with a grand chorus of the Sicilian ladies, which is followed by a beautiful and interesting recitative and air by Helena, "Merce dilette amiche," which was sung by Mme. Colson in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artists that have ever appeared in this country. The duet between Helena and Montfort, "Ah tu cui l'alma adora," and the duet between Helena and Henri, "Ah parlami ancor," are both gems of the first water, and were rendered in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artists that have ever appeared in this country. The finale of this act is one of the most original conceptions of Verdi's genius. The entrance of the bridal party, the chorus of the Sicilian ladies, the duet between Helena and Henri, the entrance of the Sicilian army, the chorus of victory, the return of the wounded, the lamentations of the captive, the entrance of Helena, and the interview of reconciliation between the parties, are conceived in the true spirit of dramatic music, and are executed in a manner which has never been surpassed by any artists that have ever appeared in this country.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

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THE SICILIAN VESPERS

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK...TUESDAY, NOV. 1.

ARRIVED.

Br ss Ardanmore, Hall, Glasgow, Oct 19 and Queenstown 20, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Cymric, Cameron, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Ismay, Imrie & Co.

Br ss Ethelbert, Hall, Glasgow, Oct 19 and Queenstown 20, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Kildonan Castle, Cook, Cape Town, Oct 5, with mdse and 1 passenger to Union Steamship Co of New-Zealand.

Br ss Lake Erie, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lake Michigan, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lake Superior, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lancastrian Prince, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lancastrian Princess, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lancastrian Queen, Hall, Liverpool, Oct 22, with mdse and 1,000 steerage to Wilson, Furness & Co.

Br ss Lancastrian Prince